DARK HORSE COMICS
ALIENS
2 OF 4
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ALIENS
MUSIC OF THE SPEARS
TIM BRADSTREET
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ALIENS™
MUSIC OF THE SPEARS

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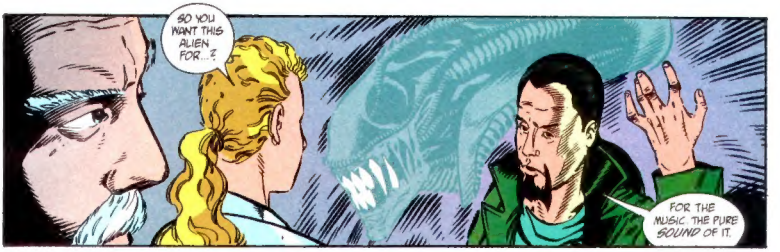
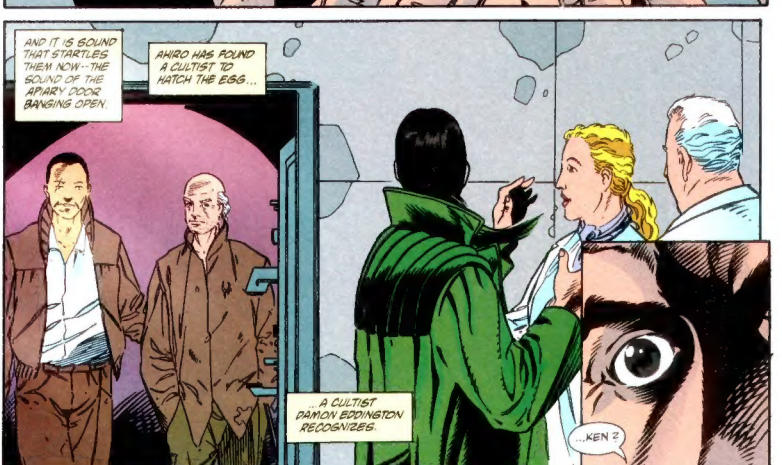

SO YOU WANT THIS ALIEN FOR...?
FOR THE MUSIC. THE PURE SOUND OF IT.

THE SOUND OF HATRED. RAGE. FURY.

I THINK IT'S GREAT--SCIENCE SERVING THE ARTS. ESPECIALLY YOUR ART, MR. EDDINGTON.

YOU HAVE NO DESIRE TO STUDY IT IN ANY OTHER WAY?
I'M NOT A SCIENTIST. I'M A COMPOSER.

I WANT THIS EGG TO HATCH, AND THIS THING TO BE BORN SHRIEKING, IN BLOOD. I WANT IT TO FIGHT AND KILL AND SCREAM. AND I WANT TO RECORD EVERY SOUND.


AND IT IS SOUND THAT STARTLES THEM NOW--THE SOUND OF THE APIARY DOOR BANGING OPEN.
AHIRO HAS FOUND A CULTIST TO HATCH THE EGG...
...A CULTIST DAMON EDDINGTON RECOGNIZES.
...KEN?

HELLO, DAMON.

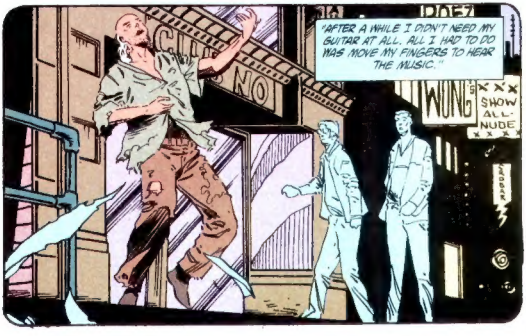
YOU KNOW HIM?
HE'S THE BEST GUITARIST I'VE EVER HEARD. I WANT TO TALK TO HIM.

I STARTED WITH THE JELLY. DAMON. A NEW HIGH. NOT REALLY DIFFERENT AT FIRST. BUT THEN I STARTED TO HEAR THE MUSIC.

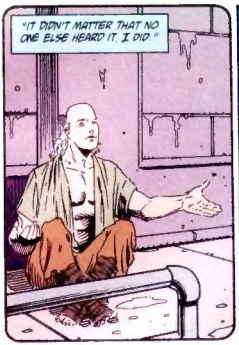
"THE MUSIC?"

"MUSIC I HEARD WHEN I PLAYED. I NEVER PLAYED LIKE THAT BEFORE. SOME PEOPLE SAID IT WAS WORSE, BUT I HEARD IT AS BETTER. SO I TOOK MORE OF THE STUFF."

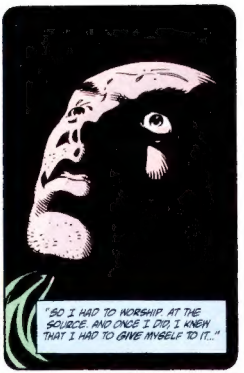
"AND THE MORE I TOOK, THE BETTER I SOUNDED."

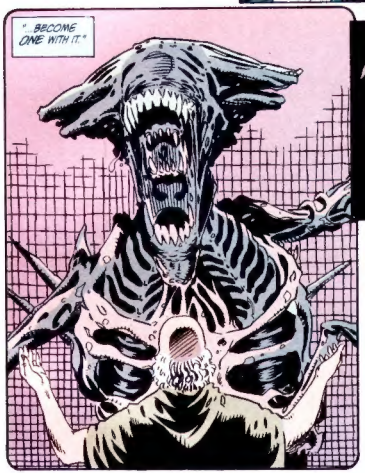

"AFTER A WHILE I DIDN'T NEED MY GUITAR AT ALL. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS MOVE MY FINGERS TO HEAR THE MUSIC."
NO
WUNG
SHOW ALL NUDE
ROAR

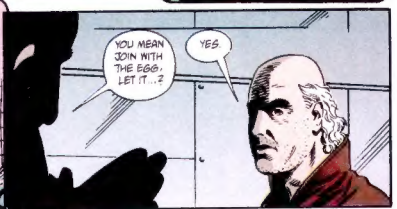
"AND THEN I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO DO THAT."

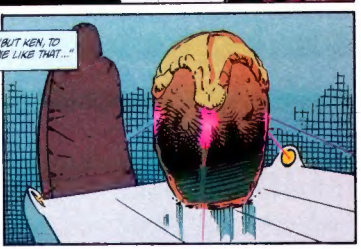

"IT DIDN'T MATTER THAT NO ONE ELSE HEARD IT. I DID."

"AND IT KEPT GETTING MORE BEAUTIFUL--CHURCH MUSIC. LIKE BACH, ONLY MORE SUBLIME."


"SO I HAD TO WORSHIP AT THE SOURCE AND ONCE I DID, I KNEW THAT I HAD TO GIVE MYSELF TO IT..."


"...BECOME ONE WITH IT."


YOU MEAN JOIN WITH THE EGG. LET IT...?
YES.


"BUT KEN, TO DIE LIKE THAT..."

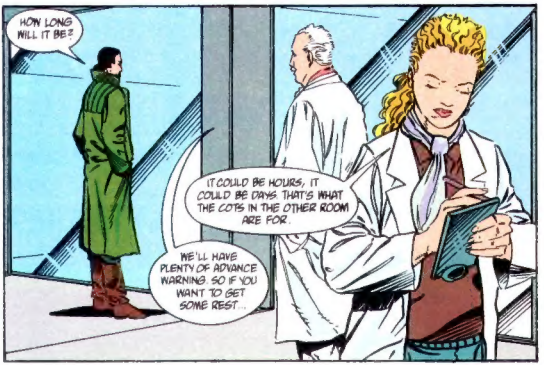
NOT DEATH. I'D LIVE ON--IN MY GOD. LIVE AND BE THE MUSIC...

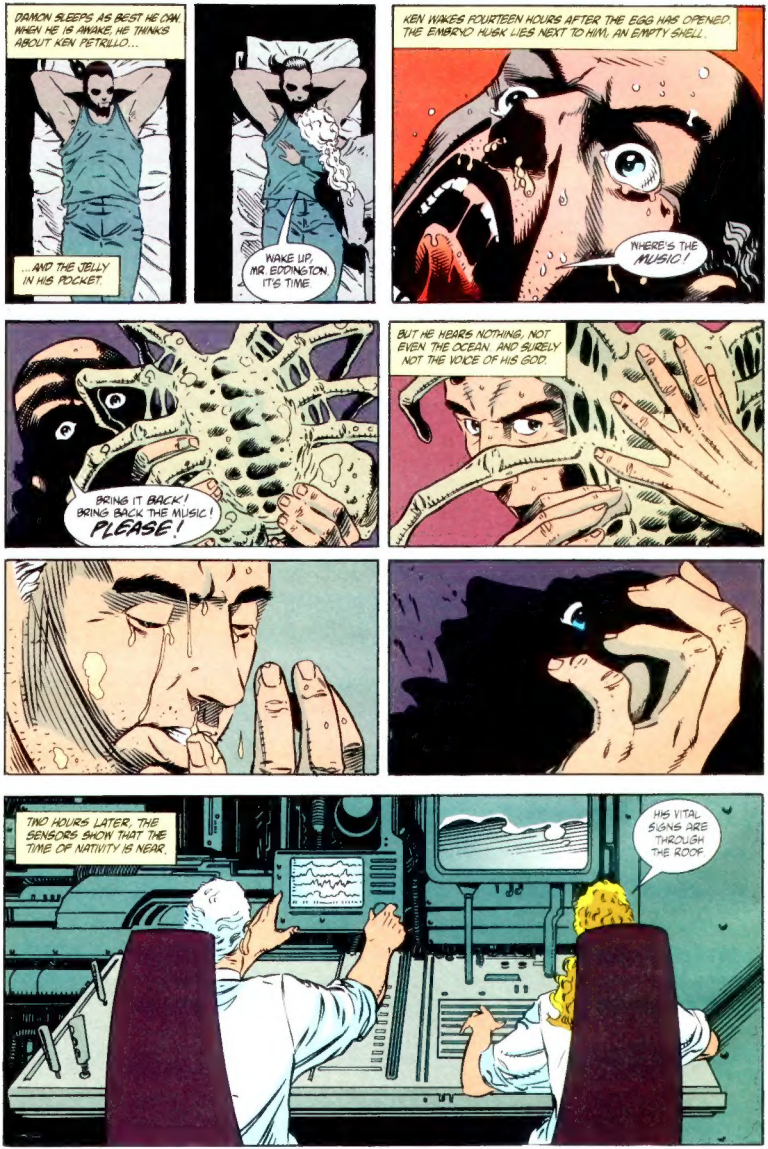
AND YOU HAVE NO DOUBTS?

MAYBE... A LITTLE AFRAID.

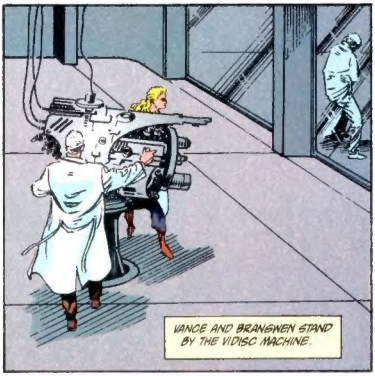
IT IS TIME.
JUST A LITTLE...
NO, WAIT. I...

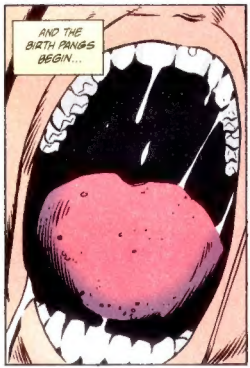
WE WILL PUT HIM IN THE CAGE NOW.


HOW LONG WILL IT BE?
IT COULD BE HOURS, IT COULD BE DAYS. THAT'S WHAT THE COTS IN THE OTHER ROOM ARE FOR.
WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF ADVANCE WARNING. SO IF YOU WANT TO GET SOME REST...


DAMON SLEEPS AS BEST HE CAN. WHEN HE IS AWAKE, HE THINKS ABOUT KEN PETRILLO...
...AND THE JELLY IN HIS POCKET.
WAKE UP, MR. EDDINGTON. IT'S TIME.
KEN WAKES FOURTEEN HOURS AFTER THE EGG HAS OPENED. THE EMBRYO HUSK LIES NEXT TO HIM, AN EMPTY SHELL.
WHERE'S THE MUSIC!
BRING IT BACK! BRING BACK THE MUSIC! PLEASE!
BUT HE HEARS NOTHING. NOT EVEN THE OCEAN. AND SURELY NOT THE VOICE OF HIS GOD.
TWO HOURS LATER. THE SENSORS SHOW THAT THE TIME OF NATIVITY IS NEAR.
HIS VITAL SIGNS ARE THROUGH THE ROOF.

DAMON READIES HIS RECORDING DEVICES.

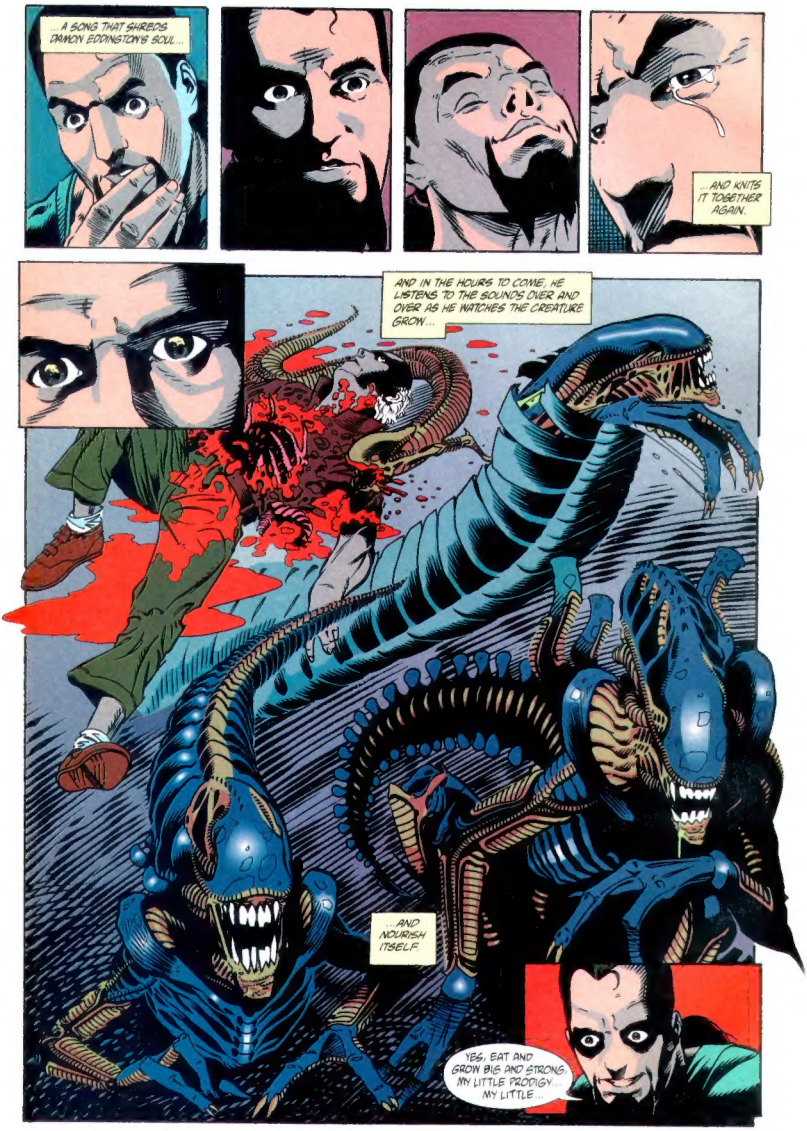

VANCE AND BRANGWEN STAND BY THE VIDISC MACHINE.


AND THE BIRTH PANGS BEGIN...

...BECOMING PAIN SO GREAT THAT...

...THE HOST FALLS TO THE GROUND IN AGONY.

BUT THE WEIGHT OF A MAN IS NO IMPEDIMENT TO BIRTH.
AND THE NEWBORN CREATURE SINGS A MELODY OF SEARED FLESH AND SPILLED BLOOD...


...A SONG THAT SHREDS DAMON EDDINGTON'S SOUL...
...AND KNITS IT TOGETHER AGAIN.
AND IN THE HOURS TO COME, HE LISTENS TO THE SOUNDS OVER AND OVER AS HE WATCHES THE CREATURE GROW...
...AND NOURISH ITSELF.
YES, EAT AND GROW BIG AND STRONG MY LITTLE PRODIGY... MY LITTLE...

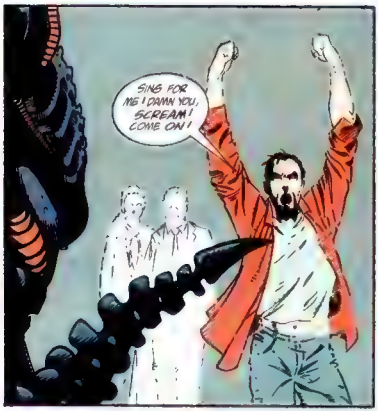
MOZART
IT IS THE RIGHT NAME SO YOUNG, SO TALENTED AND WITH SUCH AN APPETITE
AND AS DAMON WATCHES HIS CHILD GROW, HE FEELS THE RAGE IT BEARS IN ITS EVERY MOVEMENT
DAMON EDDINGTON KNOWS WHAT IT IS TO BE AN ALIEN
NOT AT HOME IN THIS WORLD
UNAPPRECIATED AND MISUNDERSTOOD
AND THIS BEING IS THE PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION OF ALL HIS FRUSTRATION AND WRATH
THIS BEING IS PERFECT, ITS VOICE SCRIABIN'S POEM OF ECSTASY AND POEM OF FIRE IN ONE

"HE'S FULLY GROWN NOW"
HE WON'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL WE WANT HIM TO. WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME AND GET SOME REST"
ALL RIGHT I'LL GET THE SOUNDISCS TOO FOR MY COMPOSING
TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM OF MOZART
SO DO YOU THINK HE'S CRAZY?
NO I THINK HE'S DEDICATED TO HIS MUSIC AND I THINK HE'S INTENSE
IT JUST SEEMS LIKE SUCH A WASTE, USING IT LIKE THIS I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED IF THESE THINGS ARE CAPABLE OF ATTACHMENT
ATTACHMENT?
"YES ONE-ON-ONE LIKE THIS? IT WOULD BE A PERFECT CHANCE TO FIND OUT"
AND THEN WHAT? TRAIN IT? CONTROL IT?
GOD, NO I THINK THE MOST YOU COULD HOPE FOR
WOULD BE FOR TO PAUSE A MOMENT BEFORE IT KILLS YOU"

IN HIS APARTMENT, DAMON FALLS ASLEEP WATCHING THE VIAL OF JELLY.
WHEN HE WAKES, HE REMEMBERS WHAT KEN SAID ABOUT THE VIAL OF JELLY, AND DRINKS
AND DREAMS, AWAKE
HE IS MOZART, BORN
..GROWING..
FREE. FREE TO SLAY KEENE, WHO MADE HIM BEG
AND YORIKU, WHOSE COMPANY PATRONIZED AND LAUGHED AT HIM
FREE TO SLAY ALL THOSE TOO LAZY, TOO CRUEL, TOO STUPID TO KNOW WHAT TRUE MUSIC IS.
BUT THROUGH IT ALL, THE RAGE AND THE JOY, HE HEARS NOTHING, NOT A SCREAM, NOT A CRY,
NOT A NOTE OF MUSIC

WHEN HE WAKES, ONE THOUGHT POSSESSES HIM

I WANT TO HEAR IT!


SING FOR ME! DAMN YOU, SCREAM! COME ON!

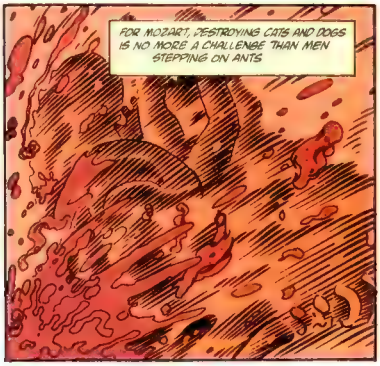
BUT MOZART ONLY HISSES, SOFT AND LOW, AND RETREATS INTO THE DARKNESS AT THE REAR OF HIS CAGE

GET SOMETHING FOR HIM. SOMETHING HE CAN FIGHT--SOMETHING HE CAN KILL
WHAT?

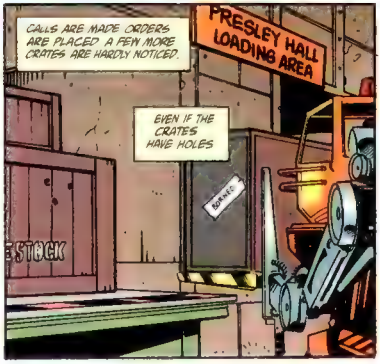
I DON'T CARE. ANIMALS SOMETHING ALIVE!

BRANSMEN RETURNS FROM THE ANIMAL SHELTER WITHIN THE HOUR
VANCE LOADS THE ANIMALS INTO MOZART'S CAGE
THESE ARE FOR YOU
DAMON TENSES, AND PUSHES THE RECORD BUTTON AS THE ALIEN STALKS TOWARD THE ANIMALS

BUT MOZART GIVES ONLY A SHORT HISS, LIKE HOT STEEL THRUST IN WATER, AND DAMON FANCIES HE HEARS AMUSEMENT AND CONTEMPT IN IT


FOR MOZART, DESTROYING CATS AND DOGS IS NO MORE A CHALLENGE THAN MEN STEPPING ON ANTS

IT'S NOT ENOUGH GET SOMETHING BIGGER ...SHEEP, COWS, BULLS, FOR GOD'S SAKE


CALLS ARE MADE ORDERS ARE PLACED. A FEW MORE CRATES ARE HARDLY NOTICED.
PRESLEY HALL LOADING AREA
EVEN IF THE CRATES HAVE HOLES
STOCK

THE ONLY SOUNDS DAMON GETS THAT SATISFY HIM COME WHEN MOZART FIGHTS THE BULL

THE HORNS ACTUALLY TEAR MOZART OPEN, SPRAYING THE BULL'S HIDE WITH ACID BLOOD

THE BULL CONTINUES TO BELLOW UNTIL MOZART TEARS OFF ITS HEAD BUT THE HOOFED CREATURE'S SOUNDS ARE CRUDE.

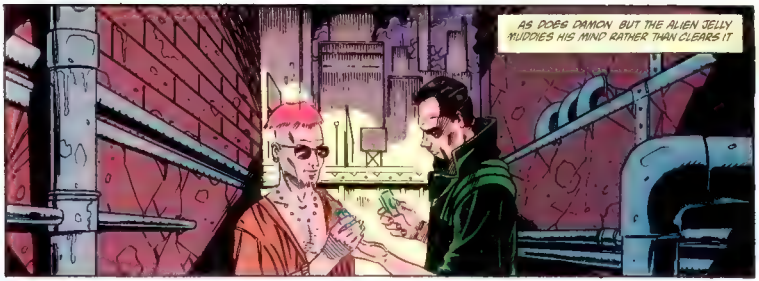
COMPARED TO MOZART'S FURIOUS SHRIEKS --A CHALLENGE EVEN TO DAMON'S EQUIPMENT TO CAPTURE IT IS LIKE HARNESSING LIGHTNING IN A NET

AND IT IS WONDERFUL

NOW I KNOW WHAT WE NEED PREDATORS SOMETHING THAT CAN *HURT* HIM

SO, IN THE DARKNESS, AHIRO AND HIS NINJAS GO SHOPPING

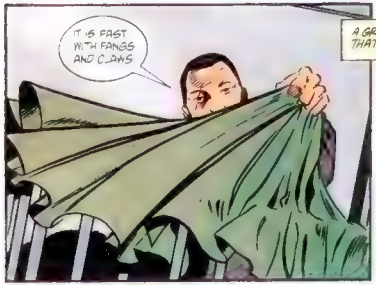
MANHATTAN ZOO


AS DOES DAMON, BUT THE ALIEN JELLY MUDDIES HIS MIND RATHER THAN CLEARS IT

HE WATCHES MOZART FOR HOURS ON END. NEITHER OF THEM AT REST. SOMETIMES HE SPEAKS TO MOZART BUT MORE OFTEN TO HIMSELF.
I CAN FEEL YOU··YOUR RAGE BUT WHY CAN'T I HEAR YOUR MUSIC? SING FOR ME SO THAT I CAN SING FOR YOU. GIVE ME MORE. MORE

WE HAVE A BEAST FOR IT TO FIGHT

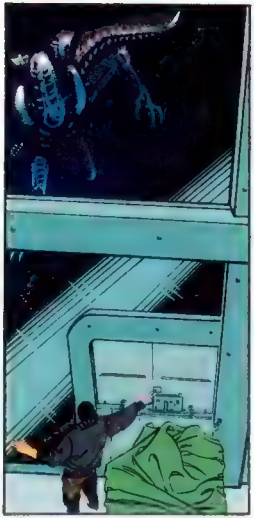
WHAT IS IT?


IT IS FAST WITH FANGS AND CLAWS

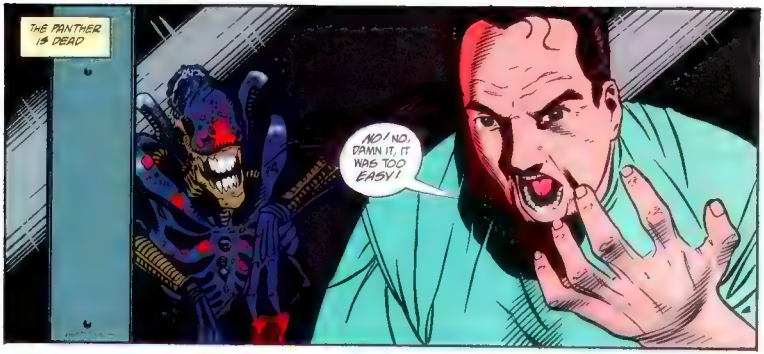
A GROWL RUMBLES FROM THE CAGE, FILLED WITH SO MUCH SAVAGERY THAT DAMON GIGGLES AT THE THOUGHT OF WHAT IS TO COME

HE FEELS A SENSE OF ANTICIPATION HE HAS NOT KNOWN SINCE HE WAS A BOY

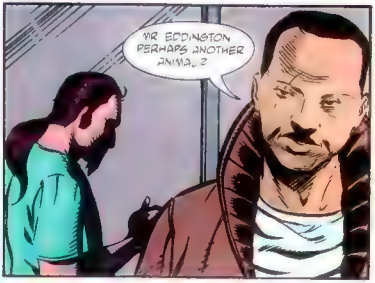
I'M READY

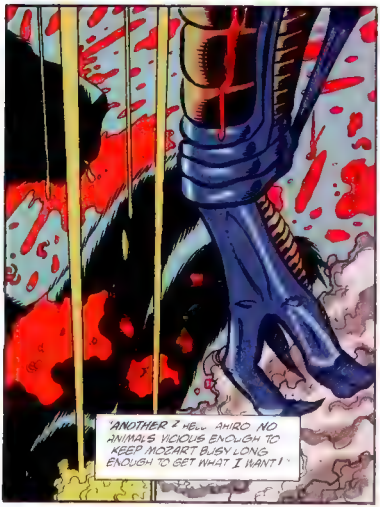


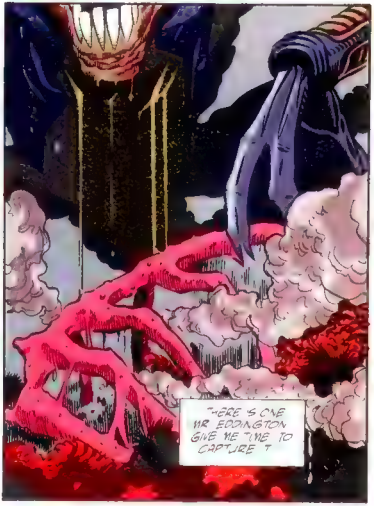
THE PANTHER LEAPS TO THE ATTACK. MOZART FALLS BACK FOR A MOMENT.
THE GIANT CAT'S CLAWS TEAR THROUGH HIS CARAPACE AND WHEN IT BURIES ITS SNOUT IN ITS MIDSECTION, MOZART SCREAMS
TO DAMON, THE SOUND IS EXQUISITE AND ORGASMIC AND HE THINKS OF THE MUSIC HE WILL BLEND WITH IT--PHRASES FROM HENZE, CORIGLIANO, SHOSTAKOVICH, HOVERGER, THOSE TWENTIETH CENTURY APOSTLES OF RAGE
BUT THEN
THE MUSIC STOPS
TIM H AND TIM B 1993


THE PANTHER IS DEAD
NO! NO, DAMN IT, IT WAS TOO EASY!

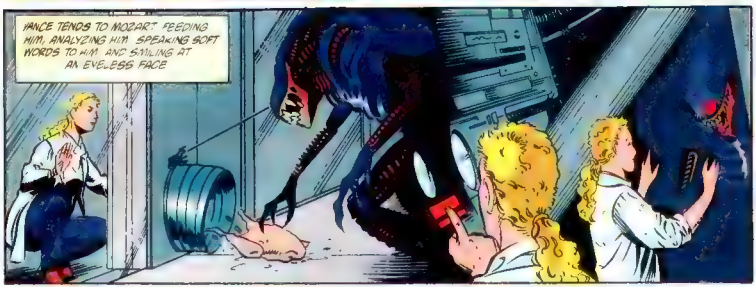
IT WASN'T ENOUGH I NEED MORE

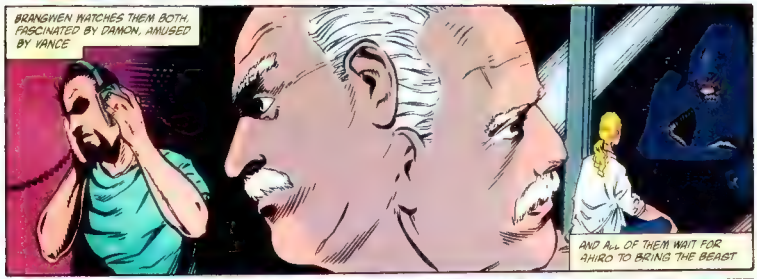

MR EDDINGTON PERHAPS ANOTHER ANIMAL?

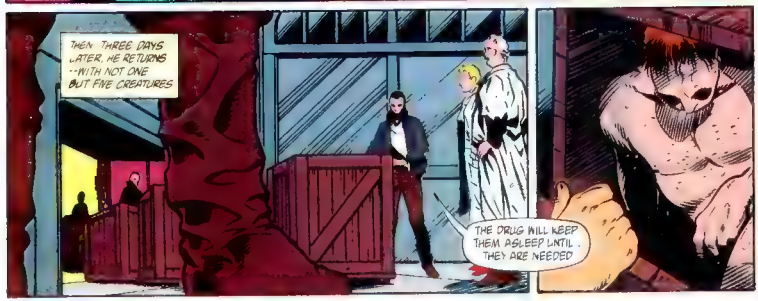

"ANOTHER? HELL, AHIRO NO ANIMALS VICIOUS ENOUGH TO KEEP MOZART BUSY LONG ENOUGH TO GET WHAT I WANT!"


"HERE'S ONE MR EDDINGTON GIVE ME TIME TO CAPTURE IT"

SO DAMON WORKS WITH WHAT HE HAS, CREATING THE MUSICAL STRUCTURE INTO WHICH HE FITS THE ALIEN CRIES
OF WHICH HE NEEDS MANY, MANY MORE


VANCE TENDS TO MOZART, FEEDING HIM, ANALYZING HIM, SPEAKING SOFT WORDS TO HIM, AND SMILING AT AN EVELESS FACE


BRANGWEN WATCHES THEM BOTH, FASCINATED BY DAMON, AMUSED BY VANCE
AND ALL OF THEM WAIT FOR AHIRO TO BRING THE BEAST


THEN, THREE DAYS LATER, HE RETURNS --WITH NOT ONE BUT FIVE CREATURES
THE DRUG WILL KEEP THEM ASLEEP UNTIL THEY ARE NEEDED

YOU'RE JOKING! MY GOD. HOW CAN A MAN SURVIVE WITH A THING THAT KILLS BULLS AND PANTHERS IN MINUTES?

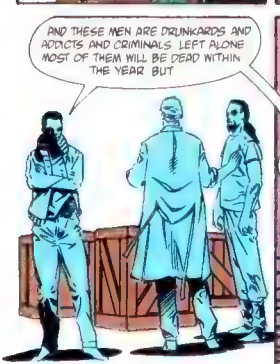
HE CAN WITH THIS

IT WILL NOT PRODUCE ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO KILL THE ALIEN. BUT IT WILL CAUSE IT GREAT PAIN

WAIT JUST A DAMN MINUTE-- WHERE D THESE GUYS COME FROM?
FROM THE WORST BARS AND DRUG CLUBS IN THE CITY

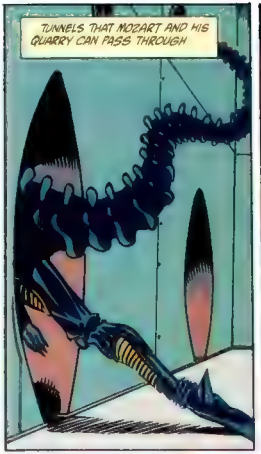
"STILL THEY'RE HUMAN BEINGS!"

YOU WEREN'T SO SENSITIVE ABOUT KEN'S WELL-BEING
BUT HE WAS A CULTIST

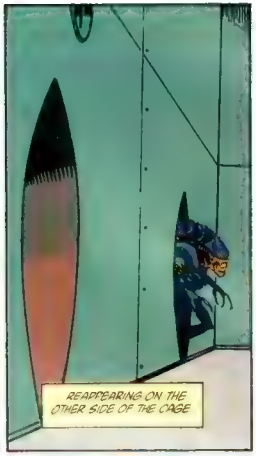

AND THESE MEN ARE DRUNKARDS AND ADDICTS AND CRIMINALS LEFT ALONE MOST OF THEM WILL BE DEAD WITHIN THE YEAR BUT

THE DECISION AFTER ALL, IS MR EDDINGTON'S
AND FROM THE LOOK IN DRAKON'S EYES, THEY ALL KNOW THE DECISION HE HAS MADE

BUT FIRST, MORE PLANS
I WANT THIS CASE BIGGER, MORE COMPLEX -- WITH PLACES WHERE SOMEONE CAN GET IN TO DEFEND HIMSELF
I WANT THESE FIGHTS STRETCHED OUT, AND I DON'T HAVE TO SEE THEM AS LONG AS I CAN HEAR THEM
THE FOLLOWING WEEK WHILE DAMON COMPOSES BRANGWEN AND VANCE OVERSEE ADDITIONS
THE SUB-BASEMENT IS EXTENSIVE AND EVEN LARGE AMOUNTS OF STEEL ARE WITHIN THE PROJECTS BUDGET
GAS INCAPACITATES MOZART WHILE THE WORK IS COMPLETED
AND WHEN HE WAKES, HE EXPLORES

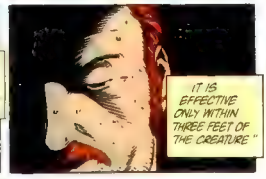

TUNNELS THAT MOZART AND HIS QUARRY CAN PASS THROUGH

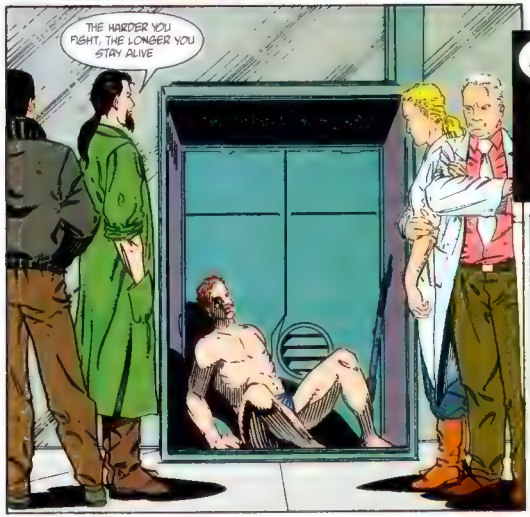
SLANTED, NARROWING PASSAGES INTO WHICH A MAN MIGHT SQUEEZE, BUT NOT A SEVEN-AND-A-HALF-FOOT-TALL ALIEN...


REAPPEARING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAGE

THEY PLACE THE FIRST MAN INSIDE THE FEEDER CAGE THEN WAKE HIM

THE WEAPON AT YOUR SIDE IS AN ELECTROSTUN


IT IS EFFECTIVE ONLY WITHIN THREE FEET OF THE CREATURE"


THE HARDER YOU FIGHT, THE LONGER YOU STAY ALIVE

NO PLEASE!

IF YOU RE WAIN IN THIS SMALL CAGE IT WILL KILL YOU INSTANTLY
"LEAVE AND YOU MAY SURVIVE

IT IS A LIE. THERE IS NO CHANCE OF SURVIVAL
BUT THE MAN PLUNGES OUT OF THE CAGE, HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER
THE SHOCK ROCKS MOZART, AND FROM HIS FANGED MOUTH ISSUES A CRY OF PAIN
IN IT IS THE TORMENT OF A HUNDRED MEN WOUNDED IN WAR, CURSING LEAD AND STEEL...
THE AGONY OF A THOUSAND WOMEN MADE CHILDLESS BY PLAGUE, SHRIEKING AT FATE
THE FURY OF A MILLION SOULS BLAZING IN HELL, SCREAMING AT GOD
IT IS THE MOST GLORIOUS SOUND DAMON EDDINGTON HAS EVER HEARD
AND HE WILL HEAR IT AGAIN

...OVER...
...AND OVER...
...AND OVER, UNTIL HE HAS ENOUGH.
BUT THE MORE DAMON HEARS, THE MORE HE FEARS THAT...
...HE WILL NEVER HAVE ENOUGH.
TO BE CONTINUED...

bug hunt

Welcome to the first installment of the *Music of the Spears* version of Bug Hunt. Rather than comment on the current series, we've still got some comments to follow up on regarding the Jim Woodring/Kilian Plunkett *Labyrinth* series, so on with it . . .

Ranger Joe
306 S. Genoa St.
Genoa, IL 60135

Re: *Aliens: Labyrinth* #2

Though I doubt this letter will get printed, I just had to say that this, by far, is *thee* best *Aliens* series I've read. The plot and characters, especially Colonel Doctor Church, are excellent.

I've noticed that *Aliens: Rogue* and *Aliens: Labyrinth* are exploring the Alien anatomy and behaviors, while *Aliens: Colonial Marines* is more into the extermination of such an eccentric creature. If you could combine these two topics, perhaps in *Aliens: Music of the Spears*, I would be pleased.

Otherwise, the *Aliens* comics are possibly the best comics that I have read in a long time. All the artists involved in Dark Horse comics make their characters look realistic and not comical like other comics companies. Looking forward to *Predator: Bad Blood* and *Aliens: Music of the Spears.*

* * * * *

Michael C. T. Andersen
Kragsbjergvej 40, Kld.
5000 Odense 6
Denmark

I was all set to stop buying your *Aliens* series when I saw *Aliens: Labyrinth* #1 on the stands. When I saw the spectacular artwork within I simply had to buy it. Wow, can Kilian Plunkett draw, or what?! I'm impressed.

Now, your *Aliens vs. Predator* series and the current *Deadliest of the Species* are both top-quality projects, but when it comes to the Aliens on their own, I find your efforts rather lacking. There has been some nice artwork, but the stories are rarely worthwhile. Repetitive Marine/mad scientist plots and dumb concepts like Xeno-Zip and royal jelly have turned me off, I'm afraid. *Labyrinth*'s story is kinda nice, but it's nothing you haven't done before. I'm bored with Aliens as lab rats and cannon fodder. Take us to the next step, will you?

But that art . . . wow!

Let me end this letter by saying that the miniseries format gives you the opportunity to tell individual stories, so why not drop this dumb continuity that doesn't even fit with the movies, eh?

* * * * *

Bob Moriarty
145 Glendale Rd.
Amherst, MA 01002

I just have a few comments about *Aliens* comic books on the whole. First off, *Aliens: Labyrinth*. This looks like it's going somewhere! I love the characters, and they were all introduced well. It will be interesting to see what happens to Doctor Crespi in the end (most likely he will be killed as *Alien* main characters tend to be). Kilian Plunkett's drawings

are amazing! In my opinion, only three people who have done *Aliens* books can draw the Alien well. He is one of them.

One of the other two "good" Alien artists is Denis Beauvais. I would truly like to know what happened to him. I have a few of the *Aliens: Book Two* issues and they are some of my all-time favorite comics. The other artist who is the master of depicting the Aliens is John Bolton . . . of course, you knew that.

I close with two last questions: I seem to have missed *Aliens: Rogue*. Will you be running a TPB? Also, what of this *Aliens: Sacrifice*? I hadn't heard a thing about that one.

P.S.: I really mean it about Denis Beauvais.

Den Beauvais most recently painted the gorgeous adaptation of *Frankenstein* for Dark Horse's Universal Monsters series. Look for it in your favorite comics shop!

* * * * *

Nick Whitman
Brooks, ME

Aliens: Labyrinth is great! I must confess that it's the first *Aliens* comic I've ever picked up. I had read a few of the early *Aliens* books at my friends' houses, but I never picked one up until today. I am mentally slamming my head against a concrete block for not getting any *Aliens* comics before this, but I'm hooked for at least a few months (until *Labyrinth* ends).

Church is a demented chunk of a pig's @%#! What is he doing with those corpses at the end of *Labyrinth* #2? I think it's probably hideously disgusting (I hope I won't be disappointed). I have a couple theories about why Church loves the Aliens (Little Toodles? Trixie? That man is not well):

1) Church's mother was an Alien (via Elvis' clone).

2) Church is the only survivor of a facehugger impregnation, and the thought of his giving birth to an Alien drove him over the edge (that's deduced from the inset cover in issue #2).

On an even more morbid note, Mortenson's head wound didn't match the picture in panel one in issue #2 (I enjoy knowing these things).

Kilian Plunkett's art is fantastic! I like the slimy drool on the Alien. It's an unhealthy green tone, though. Get that Alien some vitamins!

Also, why is it that all the spaceships have rusty spots, peeling paint, and drab quarters? Yeah, yeah, I know it adds to the mood, but seriously, if humans developed interstellar travel, couldn't they have shaped up the decor? There are even rusty spots on the table! Ugh! I thought they were supposed to be sterile!

Crespi's a gullible little bastard, isn't he? If not for McGuinness, Church would have him wrapped around his pinky. Don't kill McGuinness, please. Crespi can go (he's kind of whiny), but McGuinness is cool (I like her pet facehugger in issue #2, page 26). Kill that dumb @$$ Admiral Thaves too, while you're at it. Get some more major characters in — four just don't make it (five if you count cute li'l "Toodles," but he's dead). It's nice to see that the Aliens aren't the major villains this time. What can Crespi do against Church, if Church has help from powerful friends? I'm looking forward to *Aliens: Music of the Spears* (oh no, not ninjas! Mercy!).

On that note, I think it's time to go. See you back here next month for the next installment of *Music of the Spears*, wherein Damon Eddington finds to his frustration that *human* guinea pigs aren't proving to be any more adept at drawing the necessary screams out of his pet Alien, Mozart, than any of the other animals were. So what's next . . . ?

— Bob Cooper

▼

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